January 29
1920

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God" (PSALMS 43: 5).

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IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

KIRTLAND.

ON the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and only a few hour's ride east from Cleveland, is the now well known station of Mentor. You can scarcely give the name of town to this rambling discollection of farm houses. Previous to the candidacy of General Garfield, the village was far less popularly known than the crafty preceptor of the son of Ulysses, from whom it derived its name. But as soon as the Chicago Convention turned, in hopeless desperation from those presidential candidates whose strength was their weakness, to the "dark horse," to whom none could object, and nominated the distinguished warrior and statesmen who was subsequently elected to the Executive Chair and to assassination—Mentor became one of the busiest stations on a busy road, for it was the home of General Garfield; but it again relapsed to its former Sabbath-like stillness, was once more given over to the "way" train and ignored by the high-toned through express, when its boasted citizen took his triumphal march to Washington. And so we found it—quiet and spread out, with a store by the station, the chapel up the country nearly a mile, and the Garfield residence still farther way. Since we had left Buffalo on a through train, we found it necessary to get off at Painesville, where it was possible to take a train, in the course of an hour, which would stop at Mentor.

It occurs to me that I have neglected to explain the importance of Mentor in the subject I am dealing with. It is situated but three miles from Kirtland, and is nearer to that historic place than any other point on the railroad—hence its present importance. It also affords livery accommodations, providing you have not been anticipated, as my friend and I, by a party who had

secured *the* livery team to go out to the "mountain"—which eminence a careful scouring of the surrounding country failed to discover; in fact, it would seem highly amusing to a denizen of the Rocky Mountains, that any elevation in that vicinity should receive even the far less imposing name of "hill." The conclusion reached, after a fruitless search for this "mountain," which parties come forth out of Cleveland to go up into, was that there must exist some deep ravine, some gaping chasm, from the bottom of which the impinging banks would "loom up," to perhaps the mighty vastness of one hundred and fifty feet; to the bewilderment and lifelong ecstacy of the awestruck Clevelander. Such was the train of thoughts suggested as the country surrounding Mentor was viewed; however, as our journey came towards its end at Kirtland, we found elevations which in much consistency could be called mountains by the prairie dwellers.

Since the livery stable had been emptied and Hobson's choice left only those ever useful horses of my childhood's days—"shank's ponies"—we took them (they were at least cheap), hoping to replace them in the heart of the village, near the chapel, where there seemed to be a cluster of five or six houses. The walk was not objectionable, for the ground was just right and the lane was pleasant. After various inquiries we found our man—the owner of a horse, which, as his owner said, had but one gait—that we afterwards found to be a very composed cross between a walk and something faster, from which it was impossible to persuade him in the interests of progression. The same gentleman found us a buggy, directed us to Kirtland, and we went off rejoicing, leaving him to return to his temporary vocation of carriage painting, for he was the general artizan of the surrounding country.

Before leaving, we enquired as to the Garfield place, to which he directed us with a remark that he "knew the General's face as well as old 'Ball's' (the mare), and many's the time I've shook his hand when he's been down here to get some work done." This place, soon reached, was found to be a very pleasant and even pretentious house, upon which Mrs. Garfield was then having some addition made, and a very large number of barns and various outhouses. An air of comfort and thrift pervaded the place, and but one glance sufficed to convince us that the President had loved his rural home and viewed his coming days there with pleasure. An elderly gentleman working in the garden was found to be the father of Mrs. Garfield.

Soon after getting under way again, the steeple of the Temple appeared, its elevated point raised clear of the trees and forests of the neighborhood, furnishing a landmark toward which we directed our journey through the sinuous lanes. Reaching the edge of the bluff, which formed one bank of the basin of a considerable stream, we found displayed before us on the opposite side the now feeble village of Kirtland, with its Temple removed

from the edge of the bluff some two hundred feet. The road led down the long decline, then ran along a narrow strip of meadow land, across the deep and low running stream, up the hill, past the blacksmith shop and store, and over the creek to the Temple. Our first care was to ascertain who kept the keys of the building; we were told to apply to an old lady just north of the Temple, who would either have them in her possession or would be able to tell us regarding them. We found her; she informed us that a couple of elders ("reorganized elders") had been there a day or so before, and had gone off with the keys—the door keys, I mean; the other keys, those to the doors of eternal truth, were taken from the Kirtland Temple forty-five years before.

Upon asking for some of the old inhabitants, we were directed to the residence of a Mr. Bond, a Latter-day Saint, I believe, in the days of the Prophet. The door was opened by a small person, whom nature had dealt unkindly by—she had never possessed, as most women, a form to attract the attention of the opposite sex. She was born deformed, and Time, the great destroyer, had but increased the crookedness of her shape and written, with his caustic finger, the bitter tale of a life of desolation and poverty. Ill health had made its inroads upon her, and by means of the attenuated fingers and blanched cheeks, you could guess at sleepless nights and restless days of pain. Stamped upon her countenance was the impress of her mind—cold, for what had she experienced but coldness? Cynical, for had Christain charity about her proven a balm for a broken life? It was no surprise, then, to hear Miss Bond, for such was the name of this poor woman, exclaim that existence was a soulless, empty void, the sooner terminated the better; nor to hear her doubt God and impugn the efficacy of religion. Turning from the daughter, we introduced ourselves to the father—an aged man of eighty-four years, now reduced from his usual condition of approximate helplessness to utter inability to move, by a severe attack of rheumatism. It was hard work to converse with the old veteran, for time had deadened the nerves of his ears and rendered husky a perhaps at one time musical voice. He lamented his inability to work; the gardening time had come, his family depended upon his feeble efforts, and now he found himself a crippled sufferer and confined to the house. He remembered many of the prominent men of the old days, and was particularly well acquainted with President Brigham Young and Brother Woodruff. During our conversation we were interrupted by a voice from an adjoining room; it proved to be the mother, who had spoken to correct a statement of her husband, and who afterwards requested to see us, since we came from Utah. Unhappy family! This time-worn woman was totally blind. I cannot describe the gloomy feelings which settled upon us by reason of the sight of a family so stricken.

Turning from this home of desolation, we sought the various points of interest pointed out by the Bonds. Finally we directed ourselves toward the spot once occupied by the house of President Young. It now forms part of a meadow, and there is no vestige of a building remaining, except a slight unevenness of the ground, where perhaps the foundation had been placed. The writer, desirous of securing some relic connected with the house which once stood on the spot, seeing it was the birthplace of his father, succeeded in finding some pieces of colored crockery, which, when showed to the late Mary Ann Angell Young a few weeks before her death, recalled to her mind a set of ware once possessed by her in those former days.

A farm house on the road leading down into the bed of the stream below the hill was pointed out to us as the former residence of the Prophet Joseph. It is in a good state of preservation. We broke off a small twig of an evergreen tree growing near the fence in front, as a souvenir. Unfortunately, the aforementioned reorganized elders had gone off with the keys of the Temple, which of course was the chief object of our visit, and so our curiosity was confined to the exterior and such partial views of the interior as could be obtained through the windows, from the top of each other's shoulders. We found the interior preserved in much the same order as described to us by veteran saints, and saw above, on the ceiling of the main room, the wires along which the curtains used to slide. The lower one of the three pulpits at the west end was strangely decorated with a few of the paraphernalia of a Protestant church, and held an open Bible. The building is in poor repair; much of the interior wood work has been taken away for fire wood, and the sashes contain more broken than undamaged panes of glass. Paint it has not seen for a generation at least. Its chief glory is of course in the past, and to a Latter-day Saint the brightness of that glory was sufficent to cause it even now to shine with its retained splendor.

Our impression was that the town had run down greatly; it now contains tens where, in the early part of the third decade of this century, it numbered its hundreds. A walk through the cemetery discovered names familiar in the early history of the Church; but they were as a rule dimly painted on pine boards, into which the teeth of time had gnawed, to the end of making many of their inscriptions illegible. A ride back through this pleasant country—for it is such—afforded us many opportunities to conjecture whether such an old farm or schoolhouse was a relic of the Mormon days. Mentor again reached, we boarded the next train for the West and for Nauvoo.

Cleveland, where we found it convenient to spend the greater part of a day, was interesting in its Lake View cemetery, where lie the remains and where is to be erected the monument of the lamented Garfield, with its grassy slopes and wooded spots,

its lakes and bridges; why, I am surprised that such a final resting place does not render suicides more popular here! Cleveland was also interesting to us in its truly magnificent Euclid Avenue, said to be one of the finest streets of residence in the world, and without an equal in America—palaces and extensive grounds for four miles!

RICHARD W. YOUNG.

REMARKABLE MEETING AT NOTTINGHAM.

AN invitation had been sent to President George Albert Smith to speak on the history and doctrines of the Mormons, and their influence upon civilization, before the Cosmopolitan Debating Society of Nottingham, on Sunday, January 11th, 1920. Owing to illness he was unable to attend, and, by his request, President James Gunn McKay, of the London conference, represented him at the meeting. This was held in a hall that would seat about five hundred, which was filled, and twice that many sought admission.

The Society has the reputation of being quite critical, and entertains its invited guests by assuring them in advance that they will be held to their subject, and if not careful, their arguments riddled to pieces by the members who may be present. In particular several officials and others of the Debating club, promised Elder McKay that he would get a "jolly good hiding," and his remarks on Mormonism would be answered. The secretary in a friendly way, informed him that nearly all lecturers "got it," and for him not to feel badly, if it came to him. To which Elder McKay replied, that "Mormons were good sports; wait and see." The chairman found some difficulty in introducing the speaker, and concluded a rather awkward speech by the remark that all he ever knew about Mormonism was that, as a child, if he didn't do right his mother would say: "The Mormons will get you if you don't watch out."

The audience manifested disappointment when Elder McKay rose in place of President Smith, a Mormon apostle, whom they expected and were curious to see. It was a critical moment for the speaker, but he was fortunate in his opening remarks, and almost instantly engaged the attention of the audience. Gradually, as he proceeded with his discourse, their interest grew and became absorbing, their prejudice was dissipated, and upon concluding the first part of his lecture with these words: "We believe that every man will be saved somewhere in God's kingdom," Elder McKay was applauded. From that time on he was frequently interrupted by applause, which at the end became almost an ovation. Then followed a ten-minute period for questions, and they were flung out in a lively manner, and were as quickly and cogently replied to. They concerned: The Spaulding story; The

Mountain Meadow massacre; Polygamy; Who saw the Golden Plates; Where are they now; the secrecy and exclusiveness of the Mormons, etc., etc. When this period passed, the chairman rose and said: "Truth compels me to say that never has a speaker answered questions in so frank, honest, and satisfactory a manner upon this platform before."

Then followed a fifty-minute period of five minute criticisms. This was most interesting. The first man praised the speaker; the second, defended the doctrine of receiving revelations as being logical and strictly scriptural; the third was a professor, and said his prejudice was gone, and that if the world could hear the truth of Mormonism, tens of thousands would join them; the fourth was a woman. She said she was simply delighted: that the Mormons' way of helping others, and the sacrifices they willingly made were the greatest in the world; that she had been led to believe lies about them, but that she rejoiced in the truth as she had heard it to-day. Several made fun of it, and opposed it as they do all religions or belief in God, at all. One preacher opposed it, and called upon the people to accept "Christ and Him only," by a show of hands. Only one hand went up as the preacher was shouted down.

Elder McKay was then allowed fifteen minutes to close. In these he refuted the points raised in opposition and was applauded to the echo. In writing to President Smith, he says: "I was greatly blessed in Nottingham. After I began to speak, my cold and cough, which had been severe, ceased to bother me. It seems that I was led to say the right thing, at the right time and place. The Lord's Spirit guided me all through. His name be praised for His blessings. I came away with the deepest feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving for another manifestation of His goodness."

Elder Stallings, president of the Nottingham conference, in reporting the meeting, says that Elder McKay gave a splendid account of the origin, organization and principles of the Church, and its achievements, and delivered his lecture in such an honest and convincing manner that he carried his large audience with him throughout, and that the chairman said at the end: "Mr. McKay I consider has proved his case better and made his points clearer than any man who has spoken before our debating society in twenty years."

Elder McKay began by describing the boy-prophet and his first prayer, followed by the revelation of the Book of Mormon, its coming forth, translation and publication, the restoration of the Priesthood through the visitation of heavenly angels, and the organization of the Church. He explained the nature of many revelations, including the Word of Wisdom, the missionary labor required, and its wonderful continuity and success throughout the world. The first principles of the gospel he made perfectly plain, and bore testimony to their divinity.

After the meeting was over, Elders McKay, Stallings and Graham, together with the saints present, were kept busy answering questions, and giving out tracts and pamphlets, of which they distributed over eight hundred. The interest aroused was general and intense, and the saints were greatly encouraged and built up by the reception they had received, and are hopeful of great results following. It is much to be regretted that at Nottingham they have not a suitable meeting place, to which such an audience might be invited to come and hear the word of the Lord expounded continually.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

"I beseech thee, shew me thy glory"—Moses to the Lord (Exodus 33: 18).

The following is a part of the 19th Psalm, with the refrain added—"The Glory of God is Intelligence."

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

There is no speech nor language
Where their voice is not heard—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

* * *

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple,
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence!

Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
And in keeping of them there is great reward—
For the Glory of God is Intelligence—Amen!

BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1920.

EDITORIAL:

GENERAL YOUNG'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of General Richard W. Young was held in the great tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Wednesday afternoon, December 31st, 1919. It was one of the most imposing ever held there. The military of the general government, and representatives of the various organizations with which he was connected took part. This led to a large turnout of troops, and gave much dignified splendor to the solemn occasion.

The services were most impressive, combining the singing by the choir of favorite hymns, and special numbers by his life-long intimate friends, the 18th ward quartette and Lucy Gates. The speakers paid eloquent tribute to him, as military comrade and commander; as distinguished judge, attorney and civilian; as Church leader and fellow-worker; as beloved friend and brother. The speakers were Attorney W. W. Ray, Major Wesley King, President John M. Knight, Elder Melvin J. Ballard and President Heber J. Grant. The prayers were offered by Elders Orson F. Whitney and George Romney. Bishop Clarence Neslen conducted the service, Elder Mark Austin dedicated the grave. The pallbearers were Heber M. Wells, B. H. Roberts, G. D. Keyser, Frank R. Snow, B. F. Grant, and Willard Young.

Honorary pallbearers were named by civilian and military organizations; as which the Governor of the State, Mayor of the city, Justices of the Supreme Court and other eminent citizens attended.

Taps were sounded at the grave. A Brigader-General's salute of eleven guns was fired, and the mourning multitude, assembled to do honor to one of the Lord's real noblemen and mankind's best friends, quietly dispersed.

J. F. W.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

SOME time ago we met one of our lady missionaries, while attending a conference, and in a brief conversation with her it became manifest that she was undergoing one of those periods of depression sometimes called "low spirits," to which men as well women are liable, and from which they suffer, if not as keenly, to a considerable degree. She said that she had not recently been

as active in tracting as formerly, being alone, and finding it very difficult to go out alone to face the people and deliver her message. Besides, she said she appeared to have come to a standstill, and did not seem to be getting anywhere. No doubt she felt a little self-pity that she did not care to express. This was no surprise to us, for we have not only many times witnessed these spiritual trials of our missionaries, but have also experienced them.

It is inevitable, in our human natures, that we undergo such times of spiritual depression and feel the feebleness, if not failure, of our efforts to accomplish as much as we desire to, in whatever field we may be serving. This is natural and universal. It applies to physical weakness, limiting the labors of our bodies; and to mental fatigue, which more insistently circumscribes the workings of the mind. It is the inheritance of mortality, and subjects all beings in this life to the exertion of faith, tests of sincerity, trials of strength. If there is a divine purpose in this, and we cannot doubt it, it is to develop those qualities in us, which lie at the base and constitute the foundations of character, upon which we build the structure, to perfection and honor; or failing, become victims of weakness and playthings of the adversary of the souls of men. Finding us in these hours of depression, the Destroyer siezes his opportunity to exaggerate our sufferings, to dishearten and discourage us, to multiply, so far as he may, our perplexities and sorrows, our difficulties of whatever nature; to overthrow our faith, undermine our sincerity, wreck our strength. But his power is limited. We are in command of a greater. It is our privilege and duty to employ it.

It is then that we should remember; then that we should take account of ourselves and put forth the effort needed to recover poise, rise above our momentary faltering, and put to rout the mischievous devil of darkness that is seeking to conquer us and drag us down to destruction. The way is clear enough to do so, if we but remember; and the means is close at hand; the power is ours, with the divine help which we may depend upon. The instance we have mentioned serves admirably to illustrate this. This lady missionary needed but to remember, or have someone else recall to her the joy of other days, when in zeal and great enthusiasm, she had responded to the cries of another, such as she, and became Heaven's own messenger and minister of salvation to her. Only a few days ago we received a letter, from which we shall take the liberty to quote, for it is in reference to this very instance, and is bound to appeal with interest to every other similar case, and to encourage and lift up the spirits of those who have need. Our correspondent says: "She is a noble girl, as true and faithful a friend as ever another girl had. Do you know, brother, she was sent to me in answer to prayer. I was in trouble and doubt, and did not know what to do. She came and brought to me the greatest blessing, the gospel of life and salvation. Yes,

I owe very much to her." What more could any one desire, than to have such things truly said of him?

Hear what the Lord says: "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God: * * * And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth. * * * And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father."

Never despair! When the gospel was first brought to Great Britain, the elders commissioned to introduce it, were not only assailed by its opponents of the sectarian churches; but they had a terrific conflict with the Evil One himself. Elder Kimball in writing of this said: "I cannot even look back on the scene without feelings of horror; yet by it, I learned the power of the adversary, his enmity against the saints of God, and got some understanding of the invisible world."

It is that we shall get these comprehensive experiences that sometimes we must become more or less subject to a depression of spirits, and possibly engage in a battle-royal with the chief enemy of our souls. The Prophet Joseph said, concerning this, that "the nearer a person approaches the Lord, a greater power will be manifested by the adversary to prevent the accomplishment of His purposes." But the fact that one is near to the Lord is assurance that help is nigh, and it will be with every one of us, as Bishop Whitney eloquently says of the elders engaged in the above conflict: "They had tasted of the bitter, and would thenceforth more fully know the sweet; encompassed about by 'the horror of darkness,' they hailed with ecstacy, till then unknown, the glory of the golden morn."

J. F. W.

TESTIMONY THROUGH PRAYER.*

By Elder Anthony W. Ivins.

This morning, at 8:30 o'clock, a meeting was held in the Bishop's building, by representatives of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church. No program had been arranged; it was an informal meeting, and as it progressed I thought of this scripture, which I will read:

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit" (Joel 2: 28, 29).

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*From an address delivered in Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, October 5th, 1919, before students of the Latter-day Saints' University, and others.

The meeting was given to the congregation, and men were asked to give expression to their faith, and to make any suggestion they might feel like making regarding the important work in which this auxiliary association of the Church is engaged. They stood upon their feet, frequently two or three at a time. There were men there from Canada, from Idaho, from northern Utah, men from Arizona and from Mexico. There were tall men and short men; some of them were light-complexioned, some dark complexioned; some were old men, others quite young men. There was great diversity of character written in their faces and exemplified in their words, but there was this one thing which characterized the remarks made by every person who spoke. They all had the same testimony; it made no matter where they lived. They all bore witness to the divinity of this great latter-day work. They all bore witness to the fact that the Lord himself, our Father, who is in heaven, had made good this promise which I have read here from Joel, although none of them referred to it; that in the latter days he would pour out his Spirit upon the people, that the influence of the Holy Ghost would be among men again; and, not only men, but women, would enjoy it.

It was a veritable time of refreshing to sit there and listen to the testimony of these people. Men, some of them, who had gone away from the Church in their youth; they had been careless, indifferent, had gone off into mining camps; their lives had not been the lives that Latter-day Saints should lead, but when they had turned to the Lord and sought him in faith, he had never failed to respond to their petition. And now they had been born to newness of life, they knew the truth, they were enlisted in God's cause, and their lives devoted to his work. It was a witness to me, my brethren and sisters, of the fulfilment of the words of the Redeemer himself.

* * *

We are worried to know what means we may adopt to protect our children from the sins of the world, from the great wave of immorality that is sweeping over the country to-day as it has never swept over it before. We may study devices, we may discuss ways and means, but we will never find an effective way to combat it, except through conversion to the truth of the gospel; to get our hearts in communion with God our Father, to become possessors of his Spirit, for the Spirit of the Lord will protect us from the sins of the world. I do not believe that a boy or girl who has in sincerity prayed to God when he or she arose in the morning, or when he or she retired to bed at night, has ever transgressed the laws of the Lord, upon that day. He will protect them. But when we forget him, we are left without that necessary guidance and protection. So I appeal to you to exercise faith. Parents, inspire into the hearts of your children a desire to establish closer relationship with the Lord.

This homely story may illustrate my thought as well as anything I could tell. When I was a boy, I had close friends, as all boys have, neighbors with whom I was chummy, and among them was a boy about my own age. We lived near together; we went to school together. This boy had two elder brothers. His parents were devoted Latter-day Saints. The country at that time was wild and lawless along the frontier. Those older brothers became freighters; they loved horses and mules, and they delighted in putting together splendid teams, and drove those teams into Montana, and west into Nevada, and down to the coast in California, freighting back merchandise which in those days was needed for the use of the people. They became two of the most profane men I ever knew, indifferent to the faith of their fathers, and intemperate. One day the body of the elder of those two boys was brought into our town, and his funeral services where held there. He had been killed in a difficulty with another man. The other, the next older brother, drifted away, and I lost sight of him. But this boy, who was my chum, I grew up with, and pretty soon he obtained a team and he went off to Silver Reef to freight, and learned to swear, and he was following the road that his older brothers had followed. About that time I lost track of him. I went to Mexico. I came back after fifteen or twenty years, and had occasion to go up into Idaho to visit one of the stakes of the Church. I found this man there presiding as bishop of one of the wards! I found one of his sons the bishop of another ward. I found another son president of the Mutual Improvement Association; and one or two of the boys had been on missions. He had a splendid home there, presided over in dignity by his good wife.

I looked at it all with wonder, and he smiled and said: "I know what you are thinking about."

I said, "Tell me how it all happened."

"Well," he said, "you know that I was going just the way my brothers went."

"Yes," I said, "that is what surprises me."

"My parents had always taught me a better way," he said; "they had urged me to read the Scriptures, and finally I decided to read the Book of Mormon, and I did, while I was freighting. I read it through, and when I came to certain words in the last chapter of Moroni, I was very deeply impressed with them." These are the words to which he referred:

"And I seal up these records, after I have spoken a few words by way of exhortation unto you.

"Behold I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam, even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts.

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

He said: "When I read these words, I thought I would put the Lord to the test, and I stopped my team, wrapped the lines around the brake, and got down from that high seat, on one of those old-fashioned California wagons that were common in early days, and I turned off from the road; and, you remember that piece of straight road," he said, "just below the twist?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember every rock there is on it, because I have freighted over it."

"Well, I went out there," he said, "under those high cliffs to the east of the road, went around behind some rocks where no one could see me, kneeled down there, and thought I would pray, and I couldn't say a word."

Have any of you boys and girls ever tried to pray for the first time and found it difficult to say a word? There is always someone right there near you telling you you cannot pray; and it would not do you any good if you did. That is one of the devices of the enemy of truth to prevent you from placing yourself in harmony with the Lord.

"But," he said, "by making a great effort I managed to appeal to the Lord, told him that I wanted to know the truth, and I want to tell you that those fellows on the day of Pentecost never received a stronger testimony than I did; I felt that I was surrounded by consuming fire, and I got up on my feet knowing just as well that the Lord lived, that Christ was the Redeemer of the world, that the gospel had been restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that the Book of Mormon is a divine record, as I knew that I was there; and I got on to my wagon, drove home, left the road and came up here, located on this quarter section of land, and you can see the rest."

Shortly after that, I was back at my old home, and met another friend of mine, with whom I had been more familiar than with this one. He was an entirely different kind of boy. There was nothing wild nor rough in his character. His father and mother were refined people. We grew up together. As we grew older, our interests became identical. We traveled together, we rode the range together; we went for days and sometimes weeks together, sleeping under the same blankets. All this time my faith was developing, I was reading the scriptures, I was praying to the Lord, and I was full of desire to convert this boy companion of mine; but for some reason I never could make any impression upon him.

So in after years, when I went back there and found him, his hair whiter than mine, I talked with him. I called him by name.

I said, "We are getting old, we ought to be doing something, we ought to be thinking of the future." He had never married. A more industrious man I never knew. I never heard him speak an improper word. But he had never married. I said, "For my sake, if not for your own, I want to urge that you study the word of the Lord; read the Book of Mormon."

"Why," he said, "I have just finished reading it, and the Doctrine and Covenants, too."

I said, "What did you find in them?"

"Why, I found lots of good things, and nothing that was bad."

"Did it impress you particularly, did it change your religious view, did it add to your faith?"

"No, not specially."

I said, "Did you ask the Lord to help you, as you read those books, to make you understand them, comprehend their meaning and their importance to you?"

He looked up at me and said: "Toney, I never prayed a word in my life."

I knew then why he lacked faith; I knew then why testimony of the truth never came to him, and I knew that it mattered not how long he lived, unless he went to the Lord, pleading with him for grace to understand, that he never would comprehend His word and will, as he might otherwise have done.

Now that is the secret of it, my brethren and sisters. That is what I want to say to these boys and girls here. If you are in trouble, go to the Lord. He will forgive and pardon transgression and sin, no matter though it may have been grave. No persons are so far lost, except they may have committed the unpardonable sin, and that would be exceedingly rare, that God's arms are not stretched out to them for their redemption. Our transgressions will be blotted out from the book of his remembrance, our sins will be washed white as wool, through faith in him; and our hearts will be filled with joy, and confidence in ourselves, in each other, and in our Father, through the exercise of faith.

Now may the Lord bless us all, my brethren and sisters, and help us at this time, when his help is so greatly needed, needed as it never before has been needed in the history of the Church and in the history of the world, for we have never before been confronted by such problems. Never before has the world, has civilization, been in greater danger, never before has so much depended upon you and upon me for the redemption of the world and the maintenance of the doctrines of the gospel in it. May the Lord help us to do our part, each of us, in humility before him, I humbly pray. Amen.

GIVE sorrow words: the grief that does not speak whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE MARVELS OF MILK.

MILK and eggs occupy a unique position among common articles of diet, we are told by Dr. Percy G. Stiles, professor of physiology in the Harvard Medical School. The fitness of most foods may be challenged, but these are of nature's own providing. It is self-evident, says Professor Stiles, writing in *The Forecast* (Philadelphia, June), that an egg contains all that is needed for the development of a chick and that milk can be transmuted into the various tissues of a growing animal. These, he asserts, would be justifiable inferences from the facts of life, and confirmation for them was long ago furnished from the laboratory. To quote and condense his article:

"The perfect adaptation of milk to its nutritional purpose has been demonstrated in connection with its mineral content. Milk may be dried, completely burned, and then the residual ash may be analyzed. In a parallel fashion the body of a young animal may be cremated and the mineral constituents determined. The correspondence is surprising. Soda, lime, potash, and magnesia—the proportions of all these are nearly identical in the milk and in the suckling.

"It is not wholly far-fetched to say that the body which is to be exists in solution in milk. Milk, like faith, is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Since the tissues to be elaborated are composed largely of proteins, especial interest attaches to the nitrogenous compounds in milk. Comparison of milks, provided for the nourishment of animals of different kinds, has disclosed the fact that the protein is always abundant in species having a rapid rate of growth. The human infant takes six months to double its weight at birth. A calf accomplishes this doubling in a much shorter time and, in harmony with this, cow's milk carries a decidedly higher percentage of protein."

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptism.—On Wednesday, 21st January, 1920, a baptismal service was held at Bath, when one soul was baptized into the fold of Christ by President Frederick G. Day, and confirmed by Elder Frederick W. Thatcher.

Social.—A pleasant evening was spent, in the form of a social, at Gateshead, on Thursday, January 15th, in honor of the return home of Elder Anthony J. Marquiss, after fulfilling a successful mission in the Birmingham conference. The program consisted of songs, recitations, and games. A delightful time was spent.

Branch Conference Appointments.—If the presidents of all conferences when making appointments for branch conferences

could do as Elder Whipple has done with the series of such meetings in the Leeds conference, now drawing to a close, it would make it convenient for President Smith and elders, at the mission headquarters, to attend many of them. President Whipple sent in the list, as pre-arranged with dates, of all his branch conferences; and it has been a pleasure, so far as possible, for the elders to go there from Liverpool.

Branch Conference.—A branch conference was held in Bradford. January 18th, 1920, President George Albert Smith and Elder T. M. Wheeler, were present. In the morning session the Sunday-school took charge, and Elder Wheeler gave a most interesting talk to the children. In the afternoon session the mission and local authorities were sustained. Sister Doris Weatherill very beautifully sang a solo. President Leonard H. Whipple gave a splendid talk, urging the saints to attend to preparing temple work for all their dead. President Smith occupied the rest of the time, proving from the Scriptures the truth of the great latter-day work. At the evening session President Whipple welcomed the large audience present. Elders Wheatley and Wheeler then addressed the congregation, after which Sister Nellie Tetley kindly sang a solo. President Smith then delivered a sermon with great power, testifying to the world that every principle and work the Church is engaged in is plainly manifest in the Old and New Testaments. On Saturday a most interesting priesthood meeting was held.

On January 11th, 1920, a branch conference was held in the Halifax branch. President Leonard H. Whipple, Elders Wilfred H. Wheatley and Junius F. Wells were in attendance. A priesthood meeting was held from one till two p.m. President Whipple and Elder Wells made very timely remarks. In the afternoon service the children gave some excellent numbers. Elders Wheatley and Wells also gave splendid discourses. In the evening the hall was well filled. After the usual exercises Elder Wells delivered a most beautiful lecture, which stirred every heart with gratitude for a knowledge of the truth. President Whipple also spoke on the necessity of faithfulness to receive blessings.

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